Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 81.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885. [ONE PENNY.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: THE REAL SIGHT.

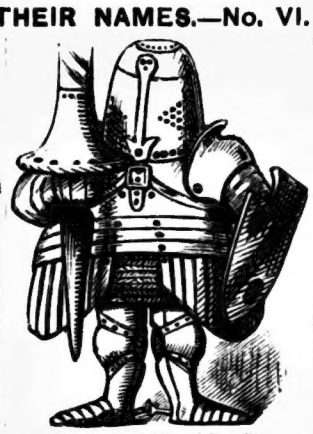
"Yes, dear, you are quite right, it was indeed a momentous occasion, and Poor Pa never showed to such advantage, or, for that matter, "Snatcher" either. Cheer after cheer rang through the dense crowd, and Poor Pa's name was on every tongue. In passing the New Law Courts, it is true Poor Pa did tumble backwards off the milestone, but it was hardly noticed. Toddles, too, ran by the side of the trolley the whole way. He's a perfect duck."

[ANOTHER EXTRACT FROM TOOTSIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES.—No. VI.

1. TIPTON (Devon).—There is no trace of this place being called *Tipton* or *Tiptun* until after a lovely Princess, with nose tiptilted like, &c., &c., came to reside here. Comment is unnecessary.

2. LANCING (Sussex).—Of the many who know the pretty town of Lancing, but few are aware of the origin of its title. Learn, then, that this is the spot where Boadicea used annually to vaccinate the Ancient Britons.



3. BULKINGTON (Warwick).—So called because the inhabitants were formerly of great proportions. This is one of 'em.

4. ROSS (Hereford) was founded by an ancestor of a celebrated Editor. Portrait of a very young and early ancestor making a drawing from memory of a certain party whose descendant became, hundreds of years after, most notorious.

THE BARBER FIEND.

To the present day Sweeney Todd, the Barber Fiend of Fleet Street, is one of the most popular of half-price pieces at low-class country theatres on a Saturday night.

Sweeney Todd first made his appearance in fiction in a penny publication in a story called the *String of Pearls*, and appears to have been founded on either fact or a well substantiated and accredited legend, published sixty or seventy years ago. The narrative in the old book opens thus:—

"The Terrific Story of the Rue de la Harpe."

"In the Rue de la Harpe, which is a long dismal, ancient street in Paris is a gap in the line of buildings, upon which formerly stood two dwelling-houses, instead of which is now erected a melancholy memorial signifying that upon this spot no human habitation shall ever be erected. Curiosity will be excited to ascertain what it was that rendered this devoted place so obnoxious to humanity, and yet so interesting to history.

Two rich country tradesmen, it appears, arriving in Paris early one morning, accompanied by a favourite dog belonging to one of them, went into a barber's shop to get shaved. The one shaved first left the other by himself, having some business to transact in the neighbourhood, but he promised to return very shortly. On his return in a few minutes, to his surprise and vexation, he learnt from the barber that his friend had gone away without leaving any message. However, as the dog still remained on guard outside the door, he supposed the absentee could not be

far off, and somewhat seemingly to the barber's annoyance he sat down to wait.

After the lapse of some considerable time the countryman grew alarmed, and the dog began to exhibit signs of uneasiness by whining and scratching at the shop door.

A quarrel arose between the barber and the countryman, the former ordering him to leave his shop, and no longer interrupt business. The countryman, on this, raised a crowd round the door who watched the dog's movements with the greatest interest. Every moment its sufferings seemed to increase, but no persuasion could induce it to desert its post.

One of the crowd proposed searching the house, and a rush was made, the barber, after two or three had got in, managing to close and bolt the door. The search was in vain. No traces of the missing countryman could be found. Meanwhile, the dog still kept sentinel without.

The barber now came forth, and began to harangue the populace, and to protest that after the missing man had been shaved he went away, and that he (the barber) knew no more.

In the middle of this speech, the dog, however, forced his way through the crowd, and flew at the barber's throat. The barber, badly bitten, swooned from terror, and was with difficulty rescued from being worried to death.

It was now proposed that the dog should be admitted into the house, on which, without hesitation, he ran through the shop and down into a dark cellar, where he set up a dismal howling. It was then discovered that there was an aperture in the cellar wall, communicating with the cellar of the next house, occupied by a pastrycook, and here, where it had been hastily covered with lumber, lay the corpse of the dog's master.

The pastrycook and barber were both taken into custody, and, by the aid of torture, the confession was extorted from them that the barber, when opportunity offered, was in the habit of murdering such strangers who ventured into his shop, and acknowledged, in the course of conversation, that they possessed money or trinkets.

"The remainder of the story," says my authority, "is almost too horrible for human ears. The pastry-cook, whose shop was so remarkable for savoury patties that they were sent for from the most distant parts of Paris, was the partner of this barber, and those murdered by the razor of the one were concealed by the knife of the other *in those identical patties*, by which, independently of his partnership in those frequent robberies, he had made a fortune.

"This case was of so terrific a nature that the houses where these infernal deeds were done were ordered to be pulled down, and the two monsters executed on the rack."

* * * * * *

"But," one bright-eyed boy said to the other (why deceive the Reader? 'twas Alexandry who spoke to William, otherwise Billy the Blood-Bedaubed), "but if he cut their throats in the shop, didn't it make an awful mess?"

"Perhaps the floor was painted red," said William, "so that it mightn't be noticed, or the barber used a mechanical chair, like the chap in the play, that turns upside down and chucks the cove head first into the cellar; and then the chap goes down, and you hear him a-pole-axing the cove, and the cove a-groaning dismal, and the dog a-howling plaintive through the keyhole. Oh, it's prime!"

And a seraphic smile flitted o'er the youth's ruby lips, revealing the pearl-like teeth within.

(Next week the true story of the Colleen Bawn, on which the story is founded that gave Boucicault the plot of the popular play.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

***** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.**

VIVIAN COLE (Maida Vale).—*If you are only nine, what a clever boy you must be! Would you like to make the acquaintance of Alexandry and William Higgins?* —— CHARLES FLATFOOT (R. N. Barracks, Sheerness). — *Do we understand that the two men were punished for reading* "SLOPER" *during divine service?* —— "QUEENIE" (Eastbourne).—*Tootsie's love, and no day has been fixed for her marriage. Lord Bob is a bit of a* "vacillatist."——R. R. SMITH (Crawford Street).—*What is the B. C. C.?* ALLY *doesn't know.*——MOSES (Petticoat Lane).—*It's all very well to say you have sent your love to Tootsie per Parcels Post; there are lots of other things you can send per Parcels Post if you like.*——J. E. SAINSBURY.—*It cannot be* ALLY! *Had your man a strawberry mark upon his nose? If so—it was* ALLY.——JEIGH BEIGH, F.O.S.S.I.L.—*You must have had a bad time of it, and no mistake.*——W. SUMMERFIELD (Bradford).—*If you can shorten letter, we will publish it with pleasure.*——A. T. C. (Muswell Hill).—*We thought that every civilized being, by now, knew that* F. O. M. *meant* Friend of Man; T.O.E., The Only Eminent; *and* T.W.M., The Warm Member. —— "GLOW-WORM" (Reading). —*Sorry to have given any offence; it was accidental, you may rest assured.*——DICK CROOK (Tottenham Court Road) —*The Eminent is surprised you have such a poor opinion of "Snatcher." When, alas, he's dead and gone, you'll be sorry for it.*——R. R. RYAN (Theobald's Road).—*Sorry we have no room for your clever verses.*——ALLAN FEA (Highgate).—*Your sketch is crowded out.*——R. LAWRENCE (Camberwell).—*Ally thinks you are too severe. In all his* "Awards" *he has acted to the best of his small ability, and given them without any thought of advertisement arising therefrom. The proof of* EVERY LETTER *being opened is that he distinctly recollects your verse, and thought how good it was. You mustn't be so vindictive, naughty Mr. Lawrence.*——ANON.—*We print your verse herewith:—*

"Vote for our ALLY, *let him take his seat,*
And all people's views he will endeavour to meet."

Quite so; that's what the Eminent said all along, only people are so stupid.——H. BARFOOT (Peterborough).—*No use, thanks all the same.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free.

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

***P.O.O.'s payable to* W. J. SINKINS.**

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£1 : 1 : 0

***And the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT,"** *will be given for the best Original Verse, in 4 lines, on*

GUY FAWKES' DAY.

As William Higgins, otherwise Blood-Stained Bill, is steeped in crime of all kinds, be good enough to address the verses to him as under:—

BILL HIGGINS,
"THE SLOPERIES,"
Near Gunpowder Alley,
Fleet Street, London, E.C.

***** *The List will close this day*, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH.**

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

FANCIERS are arguing on the wonderful points possessed by Dutch rabbits. Without knowing too much about the matter, we profess a strong leaning towards "Welsh." May the fingers of the cooks, who try to compound them out of "Dutch," be shrivelled and shrunk.

***

SALVATION ARMY "faith-healers" continue to give somewhat strange examples of the efficacy of their treatment in cases of dire extremity. A believer recently asserted that one of his children had been on the point of death, the doctor having given up the case as utterly hopeless; therefore, he and his friends took matters into their own hands, and prayed for the child. Very shortly a lady appeared on the scene, and recommended champagne to be administered. Sparkling fizz was given, and from that time the child recovered! Unfortunately, the believer does not tell us the brand of the reviver. It couldn't have been home-made gooseberry. ALLY says he thinks it was his old friend Bollinger.

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 81.—The "City of London" Costume.

Old Sniffle.—I just feel as if I could do justice to a Lord Mayor's Banquet to-day, and no mistake.

CAUTION TO SMOKISTS.
Sir Walter Raleigh's first pipe.

This is all little Toddtommy saw of the Lord Mayor's Show on Monday last.

This lady wanted to take part in the Lord Mayor's Show, but, acting under the advice of the Bishop of ——, Mr. Bill Holland thought she had better not.

THE BRITISH W. M.

"Look 'ere, missus, I've 'ad enough of this, I 'ave. We'd better part, we'd. I ain't goin' to stand your mag no longer, I ain't. Just you wait till I've drawed my wages Saturday. Now the corts is open again, blowed if I won't go and git a divorce, I will."

SERVANTS LEAVING WITHOUT DUE NOTICE, CAUTION.—It is a caution, too, and no mistake! It happened to us once, when the young lady, who presided over the domestic duties of the house, felt herself hurt by a reproof administered because some bacon had been fried in a fishy frying-pan, and took herself off accordingly late at night. The following morning the wife was not well enough to get up, and we had to get the breakfast. Oh, that morning! Everything was hidden away, and when, after due searching, it was discovered, it was found to be dirty. The fire wouldn't burn; but the toast would. The kettle wouldn't boil; but the milk did, and boiled all over; and—but we can say no more; it is too much for our feelings. Even after this lapse of time, we can still recall all the horrors of that day. There's no mistake, it is a caution.

***

WE throw this in just to season the hash: "I had rather break the walls of a prison, and the laws themselves," says Montaigne, "than my own word." The true gentleman always will appreciate the merit of this sentiment. A man of honour is never found to be servile to anybody, neither is he overbearing to others, and, above all things, is always steadfast to his bond.

***

THE broom that once through Sarah's halls
In hole and corner sped,
Now useless leans 'gainst Sarah's walls,
And gathers dust instead.
So sweeps the Slavey nowadays,
So work is shuffled o'er:
And maids that once gain'd honest praise,
Now earn that praise no more!

No more the cobweb from its height
The broom of Sarah fells:
The fly, alone, unlucky wight,
Invades the spider's cells.
Thus energy so seldom wakes,
All sign that Sarah gives
Is when some dish or platter breaks,
To show that still she lives.

***

"PERSEVERANCE under difficulties surmounts obstacles." The energetic efforts of an opulent Swedish gentleman who thirty times has vainly attempted suicide have at last been crowned with success. Rat poison was the happy medium by which the desirable result was obtained.

***

OUR staff-surgeon is ready to make an affidavit that "it's a trifle silly for gouty patients, who accidentally strike their toes against the legs of tables or chairs, to turn round and give the inanimate things vicious kicks. Yet they will do it," he adds, "even at the risk of amputation."

***

IN the war of La Vendée, General Kleber with four thousand men was completely surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and saw no other way of saving his little band, except by stopping for a short time the passage of the Vendéans through a narrow ravine, which was all that was between the two armies. He called an officer to him, for whom he had a particular friendship and esteem. "Take," said he to him, "a company of grenadiers; stop the enemy before that ravine: you will be killed, but you will save your comrades." "General, I shall do it," replied the officer, who had received the order to immolate himself with as much calmness as if it had been a simple military evolution. The prediction of Kleber was but too fatally verified. The brave officer arrested the enemy's progress, but perished in the achievement.

***

A FEW of the rules for the good government of cartes, carters, carres, and carremen, issued by the Common Council, July 2, 1586, Wolstan Dixe, Major:—"That no carreman shall run his horse a trotte in the streete, upon paine of forfeyture of ii. shillings for euerie such offence. That euerie carreman shall leade his horse by the head, upon paine to forfeite viii pence or his horse collar. That no cartes or carres that are occupied in this citie, shall be shodde with iron upon paine of fofeiture of vi. shillings and viii. pence by the driver for euerie day such a carte is so occupied. That no carte or carre shall pipe or creake in the streete for want of greasing, upon paine of forfeiture of ii. shillings for euerie day it is heard so creaking."

***

WHAT a number of husbands there are in this world who try to cover up their faults and vices by continually crying down their own particular fault or vice, vainly hoping to gull their fellow-men. Isn't it refreshing and soothing to their acquaintances when some cynical wife deliberately smashes their mock armour of virtue with one smart blow!

***

ON the 28th of February, 1812, the Beaujonc Coal Mine, near Liège, was suddenly inundated by waters that broke from an adjacent enclosure, a hundred and twenty miners being imprisoned. After most extraordinary efforts on the part of the unfortunates in the mine, and their friends outside, seventy-two were brought to the surface of the earth. M. Goffin, the master miner, though one of the most exhausted, was the last to come out; and, as an instance of the levity and gaiety of the Liegois character, the first words uttered by his young son, detained in the mine with him, on seeing his mother after these six days' terrible absence, were, "Ah, mother! what, are you not married again yet?"

***

To marry! what at twenty-one!
Indeed the deed should not be done!
At thirty?—p'raps, though late in life
To take unto one's self a wife.

At twenty-one, I've always thought
A slave to passion's altar's brought;
At thirty?—yes, a man may bring
His chosen flame a wedding-ring.

The nearly medium is my choice;
At twenty-five, a bridegroom's voice
May ring, when ta'en the marriage oath,
In ear of bride—GOD bless them both!

***

AN educated visitor to the Tower, full up to the spectacles with the traditions of the good kindly old days of racks and thumbscrews, may sometimes receive impressions of a deep and lasting character. We once saw a peculiarly telling impression made on a *savant*, as, while gazing at a piece of antiquity, he went through an acrobatic performance over that time-honoured block our modern damsels are so fond of placing their delicate white necks upon.

***

A CURIOUS case of disputed possession came recently before Uncle Boffin, the object in controversy being described by one party as an alligator, and by the other as "only a lizard," which was found in the Thames so exhausted by a long swim that it had to be revived by putting it into a warm bath, and then wrapping it in flannels, and placing it before the fire. Fancy an alligator having a warm bath, and then being enveloped in a flannel nightgown! After this, a pipe and a glass of grog seem only a matter of course.

***

WE are somewhat lenient to offenders in England. But acts which would call forth the most agonizing leaders here in the daily gushers are treated as nothing in America. For instance, a man was arrested in Illinois for attempting to destroy a house and its inmates by setting fire to a room containing two barrels of gunpowder, and a contemporary says, "He ought to be sent to the workhouse for at least thirty days." We suppose he would have had forty if he had consummated the deed. But perhaps the American workhouses are as horrible as ours, and in that case the punishment is ghastly enough.

***

AN extraordinary specimen of the genus *homo* is putting up for K——. At a meeting recently he said that whoever asserted that he had once retired "by arrangement" told the "d——est lie that ever was uttered." On the same query being again put, he said he thought his friend "had got his gruel on the last occasion." It would be as well in future, if hon. gentlemen would say whether they desired to be returned as members for Parliament or for Colney Hatch.

TOOTSIE AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

No Well-Regulated Girl need feel ashamed of liking a good dinner or saying she does.

I have known girls who did not like to eat in public, but they belonged to the conjuring division, they were knife-swallowers. It is as well before dining in public to know the difference between a knife and a spoon.

Arrival of the Dook and Billy with the Aldermen's Wives.

Musical dinners seem to be a great success, but I think I could name one place at least where the price of the music appears to be deducted from the quality of the victuals, although it is true the sweets are artful. Still, as Billy says, there should be a solid substratum. Billy's substratum, by the way, that evening cost Bob seven shillings in consequence of having two extra helps of everything all round from the soup upwards.

I happen to have considerable experience of London restaurants, and should be in a position to impart to other less Well-Regulated Girls some details worth knowing were I so inclined, as to where and when to go, and what to eat, drink, and avoid, in a series of essays, only less learned than the utterances of the authors of the *Original* and the *Art of Good Living* and much more up to time.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet is one of those rare feasts where loveliness adorns the table, instead of being packed up in a stuffy gallery to gnaw captain's biscuits and watch with loathing and disgust the male pigs wallowing below.

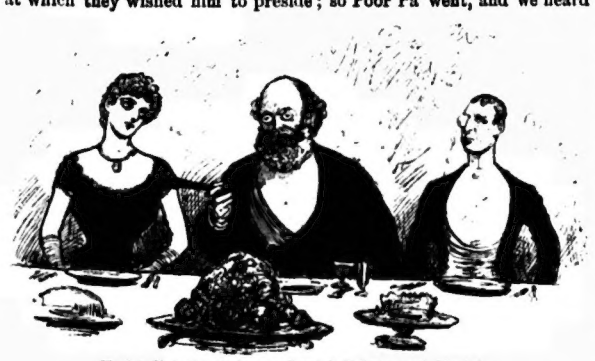
Of course we were all asked, and all except Ma accepted. Lord Salisbury took me in, and sat next to me. I forgot to ask what his politics were, but his conversation is most amusing, and I was delighted to see Bob looking very jealous and miserable, and getting nothing to eat.

Something was wrong, too, with Billy and the Dook, who had two rather funny-looking partners placed under their care, and were so sulky they wouldn't speak to the miserable things all through dinner.

The Speech of the evening: "I say, gentlemen, that gin is the backbone of the country."

Salisbury told me he wished there were not going to be any speeches, and I said I wished so too, and that they always made me sleepy, though I was rather sorry after I said it, to find he was going to make one. However, he has promised to take a box if I have a Matinée. He is really very nice.

Poor Pa was in more than his usual spirits. Indeed, I am afraid, he was, perhaps, a little too excited, when he broke a decanter and produced his gin-bottle from his back pocket; but I never heard eloquence more flowery, and everybody laughed and applauded, and called "question" and "try back," which I didn't quite understand, and at last the Lord Mayor, on whose right he sat, got up and pressed Poor Pa, with both hands, down into his chair. Poor Pa, who didn't seem to notice it, rising again each time to go on. Then the butler whispered to him that there was another feed going on downstairs, at which they wished him to preside; so Poor Pa went, and we heard



Slight flirtation between Lord Salisbury and Tootsie.

him telling the butler that he must excuse him, should his appetite be found somewhat impaired, and regretting he had not known sooner.

I must say I thoroughly enjoyed myself. But you will, of course, have seen all about it in the papers.

We are none of us very well to-day. Poor Pa has not, as yet, turned up.

With next week's 'HALF-HOLIDAY'

A. SLOPER,

THE PUBLIC BENEFACTOR,

Will issue to the World his long-talked of

MANIFESTO!

Being a

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT GRATIS,

Crowded with Pictures by W. G. BAXTER, *and containing promises which, alas! may never be realized.*

[*See further announcements.*]

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

WILL BE PUBLISHED

December 14th.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

MADAME LA COMTESSE.

A ROMANCE IN A BROMPTON 'BUS.

"BROMPTON, sir? Here y'ar', sir! Plenty of room inside, sir! Jump up! Come in out of the wet, as the shark said to the sailor."

I was standing at Piccadilly Circus, and was glad to shut up my umbrella and jump into the Brompton 'bus.

There *was* plenty of room, for, beside myself, there were only two other passengers—both ladies; one elderly, passable; one young, very pretty—masses of fair hair clustering round a pale face, large eyes of limpid blue, shaded by long lashes, an elegant form draped in slight mourning, elegantly-gloved hands, holding a lace handkerchief embroidered with a coronet.

As I entered, a significant glance was exchanged between the mother and daughter—for such they evidently were—and they began conversing in French.

Now, although I know a little French, it is not one of my strong points, and I have a great respect for anyone who can speak it thoroughly.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "these are French ladies from Paris, members of the *haute noblesse*, no doubt."

I glance sympathisingly in their direction. A look of heavenly sweetness from the younger lady rewards me. We are now passing the railings of the Green Park.

"Est-ce que vous parlez Francais, M'sieu?" she asks.

"A little, madame," I stammer, speaking her language as well as I am able.

"Will you tell the conductor to put us down at le coin du Hyde Parc, then, M'sieu?"

I explain to the conductor that the ladies want to be put down at Hyde Park Corner.

The man stares rudely, and then puts his tongue in his cheek. Horrid barbarian? how glad I am that the young Countess's face is turned away, and she does not see him.

She does not, evidently, for, with her purse in her hand, she is holding an animated discussion with her mamma. Then, with great hesitation, she addresses me:—"Mille pardons, M'sieu, but we have only French money—napoleons and billets de banc. Will M'sieu be good enough to change some for us into English silver?—a napoleon will serve us at present."

Who would not help a lady, especially one so pretty? I have fifteen pounds in my purse, in notes, gold, and silver, which I place at Madame's disposal, receiving her French money in exchange.

* * * * * * *

"Well, you are jolly green!" said the conductor, when the French Countess and her mamma had alighted, and walked, as I thought, rather quickly away.

"What do you mean, man?" I asked, with the limpid eyes and golden tresses still in my mind.

"Why, them's no more French nor I am. They were talking good, 'onest Hinglish before you got in."

I was seized with a misgiving, and looked at my purse.

There I found fifteen flash notes for twenty francs each, and the balance in pewter napoleons.

Don't talk to me about French aristocracy—I shall never believe in foreign Countesses again.

TO MY SKIPPER.

An Appeal by an Old Stage (a)doorer.

ONCE more I join the chappies old, who swarm
And hang like bees about the stage's door;
But where, alas! is all my ancient "form"?
I'm not the dog I was in days of yore.

No more I puff the potent cigarette,
Nor quaff the madding squash in mighty draughts;
But female beauty sways my fancy yet,
And still I feel the sting of Cupid's shafts.

I loved thee in my prime—six years ago—
But feared to tell my love; now, desperate,
And onward urged by time's relentless toe,
I haste to speak before it be too late.

Six years ago, a bright incarnate joy,
Thou leapst the rope in mystic mazes swung:
Thou wert my skipper then, and I thy boy;
But now—well, *eighteen*'s not so *very* young!

True, time has spared the lightning of thine eye;
Thy form retains its grace, thy cheek its bloom;
But when two fleeting years have drifted by,
Thy charms must pale and fade in age's gloom.

Spurn not the suit, then, of a chappie old,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to this door;
In my hot youth not thus my tale I'd told,
But age has quenched my fire—I'm *twenty-four*.

WHO'S FOR THE BANK?

WE hear a great deal of the status of actors. The following circumstance shows, however, that it is not yet quite admitted everywhere that they are not more or less vagabonds. A well-known London actor wished, the other day, to take a house in St. John's Wood. He saw the agent of the property, and agreed to terms. On calling a second time, to settle the matter definitely, the agent said to him, "Perhaps you will excuse me, but what is your profession?" "I am an actor," he replied. The agent, on this, declined to let him the house, observing, "You see, property in the North and South Bank is depreciated, owing to the character of some of the tenants; we have, therefore, determined to be very particular, and not to adopt half measures."

ALEXANDRY'S "BIRTHDAY" PRIZE.

£1:1:0 *and the* **"SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT"** *has been presented to*

ROBERT C. HOLLINGWORTH, 4, Thornley Square, Dodworth, Yorkshire,

For the most appropriate Present sent to the Boy Sloper on his Birthday (Guy Fawkes Day); consisting of a Gymnast, who, on a string being pulled, goes through some most marvellous evolutions on a horizontal bar. This wondrous figure may be seen any day at "The Sloperies" free of charge. Ring the top bell, and ask for Alexandry. The Boy Sloper's kind love to all the nice boys and girls who have sent him such jolly presents, and he only wishes his Birthday came round more often.

FORTY SHILLINGSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

I AM a young chap that goes about a good bit up and down the line and ain't too particular.

When I see a chance I pay third and ride first. If nobody interferes with me I smoke in the carriages that ain't set apart for smokers.

"They dragged me out."

I'm the one that cuts up the cushions for a lark, and alters the words on the notices. They've had their eye on me on the line I go a good bit up and down upon this ever so long, and three months ago they landed me beautiful.

Ha! ha! Just you wait a bit.

It was only about smoking a quiet weed, after all. One of the porters dropped his eye on me, as I was lighting up, and said, "No, you don't."

I said, "Ain't this a smoking compartment?"

"No," he said, "you know it isn't."

"Oh!" I said, "you don't mean it, do you? I'm *so* sorry."

So I shut up till we had started. What do you think that porter did? You'd never believe it. He hung on to the carriage somehow, so that I could not see him, and popped his head in at the window just as I was lighting up for the second time, and said, "No, you don't," again.

Well, I didn't; but that wasn't enough.

I said, "This is a plant, ain't it?"

He said, "Yes, a tobacco plant; not Taddy's, though—something different."

He reported me at the next station. They dragged me out. A fearful thing in station-masters cried, "Away with him!" They did it, and next day I found myself fined forty shillings.

Ha! ha! don't be in a hurry.

CHAPTER II.

I AM one of the Company's servants, and awfully energetic.

They don't like me to do the signals, I'm such a go-a-head kind of cove. They've let me wheel barrows instead, and ring the bell when the trains come in, since I mixed the nine express with the goods train. There's been two new bells since I've been at Puzzlem Junction.

One day I saw a cove smoking in a wrong carriage; I'd had my eye on him for a long time. It struck me this was a good chance of distinguishing myself, so I flung away the bell, jumped up on the carriage, and popped my head in suddenly on my gentleman, just as he was puffing away like anything.

"Fined forty shillings."

I had that cove fined. I superintended the printing of the bills that were stuck about the station.

I also corrected the proofs.

I was highly complimented by my station-master, and a flattering report of me was sent to the chairman of the Company. It was altogether a proud moment in my life.

CHAPTER III.

I AM the chairman of the Smashem and Turnover Railway. I have just now had to sign a cheque for £150 damages and costs in an action brought against me by a fellow who was fined forty shillings for smoking in a wrong compartment.

Some blundering jackass, in writing out the copy for the bills we posted about him at the various stations, added to the "fined forty shillings,"—"*or fourteen days.*" This was not much of a mistake perhaps, and it has cost us £150—that's all. It turned out there was nothing about going to prison in the sentence, and they gave judgment against us when the case was tried.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MAN WITH THE PARCEL.

I AM a rising detective officer, and my aim in life is to distinguish myself.

On the night of the 14th of September last I encountered a man in the Waterloo Road carrying a brown-paper parcel. The circumstance naturally aroused my suspicions, and I therefore resolved to keep my eye upon him.

I have kept my eye upon other people before this, and have occasionally got into trouble for doing so, but I am not easily discouraged.

He was standing under the arch in front of the Waterloo Station, engaged in picking the brickwork with the forefinger of his right hand. I lay in ambush, and observed him closely. When he noticed me he left off picking, and retired to some distance.

I went up and examined the brickwork. He had not very materially injured it. He had, perhaps, got off a piece as big as a pea. I, however, resolved to go on keeping my eye on him.

I therefore crossed the road on tip-toe, at some personal risk from a penny omnibus, and assuming a recumbent position by the edge of the curb-stone, where I was not likely to attract attention, watched the man's movements narrowly, though occasionally disturbed by persons kicking or falling over me.

At the end of twenty minutes he went back to the arch, and went on picking.

I saw, now, that he must have a deep-laid design of some kind, which it would be my duty to unfathom, or perish in the attempt.

Presently he put a small piece of the picked brick into his mouth, and, after chewing it for some time, began to whistle. Did he do this as a signal? Was he hungry? Was it a way he had?

I saw, now, that I must adopt the promptest measures. I walked across the road, felled him with my truncheon, and then took him into custody.

He has now been eight weeks in gaol, and has been frequently examined and remanded.

He is by trade a tailor, and says he was waiting for nothing particular. The brown-paper parcel contained an old pair of trousers. Nothing more criminating has yet been proved against him, but the police are actively employed in bringing the affair to a crisis.

My own opinion is, that he wanted to steal the railway arch, and I hope to live to see him hanged for it.

THE LAND QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST.

Home Rule Orator. My honourable frind proposes to abolish the landlords; but, gintlemin, the innocent recreations of the people must be preserved, an' if you have no landlords, who the divil are we going to shoot?

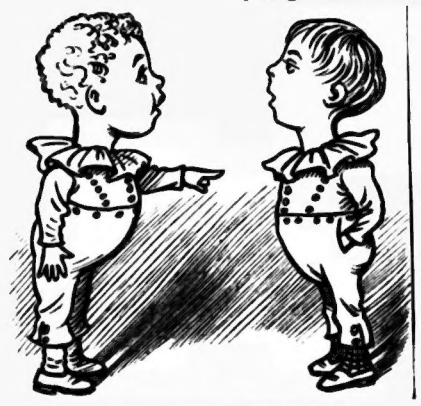
The latest thing in shooting costumes. Designed by Tootsie, and executed by Madame White of Regent Street.

A 1*d.* plain and 2*d* coloured.

Moving.

TWO LITTLE BOYS: A CAUTION WITH A MORAL.

Widow. Ah! yes, Sarah, my poor dear husband died intestate. *Sarah.* Dear me, mum, you don't say so! Where was 'e hung?



Says Freddy to Tommy, "Suppose we go, Tommy, and see the Lord Mayor's Show?"

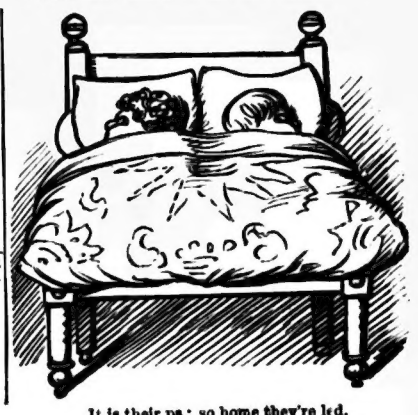
Says Tommy to Freddy, "Freddy, yes; I long to see it, I confess.

"Let's start at once!" Away they wend it; Neither have money, so they can't spend it.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTHDAY.
"Longlivprincherwalsh—
Gawblessim!"

They miles from London live threescore,
And now they can't walk any more.

Just when they both feel fit to die,
A distant figure they descry.



It is their pa; so home they're led,
Admonished slapped, and put to bed.

[MORAL.—*Little boys, never leave to go and see the Lord Mayor's Show without the knowledge of your parents, unless, of course, you have enough money.*

TIME!

Excited Guard. Now, then, hurry up! If you want a 'Bus, you can get one outside the Station.

A Roundhead, not seen in this year's Show.

Behind that pretty fan,
She fooled that little man.

THE NEW RULES OF BILLIARDS!!!

Striker. Harry, old man, I think I must have a long rest.
Non-Striker. What, when we are paying for the game by the hour?

She. "Oh, Harold, how can you ask me to forgive you. Can you expect me to forget the unkind things you said last night?"
He. "Unhesitatingly, dearest Emily, I can. I assure you my watch was ticking so loudly at the time I uttered those words."
She. "Enough! (*sweetly*) Harold!"
He (*passionately*). "Emily!" (*They embrace.*)

Repulse of a Dutch Man-o'-war by an English Bark.

The Floral Tributist on a First Night.

Portrait of a party who can't help laughing at old SLOPER.

Lillie, one of the "Friv." girls, deeply in love with the Hon. Billy.

1. Wilkins having advantageously let the window in question, retired to bed on Sunday night, but was aroused at a small hour by a ring at the bell.

3. "Will he keep his word, though?" said Mrs. Wilkins; "it was very stupid of you to trust him."

5. Sure enough, at daybreak the barman roused the foreign nobleman. "Don't come near me, my good fellow. I've come out all over spots, and I think it's something catching." Here was a pretty go!

After all, it would seem as though SLOPER *did not appear as Whittington in the Lord Mayor's Show, or else the following is a libel. It appears there is a person of the name of Wilkins in Fleet Street who keeps a public house, out of a window of which (with some craning) a side view of the Procession was obtainable.*

6. And at daybreak the parties who had taken the room arrived. As they could not have the room, they wanted their money back; but, unfortunately, Wilkins had spent most of it.

2. A foreign nobleman, just come to town, wanted a bed for the night. If he would turn out the first thing in the morning, there would be no particular objection—charge eighteenpence.

4. "There's our barman, you know," said Mr. Wilkins, "I think he might manage to persuade anyone of his own weight."

7. Luckily, though, the foreign nobleman's medical adviser lived close at hand. He was summoned at once.

9. "Funny smell of tobacco," said the old gentleman who had paid for the room: "perhaps they're fumigating him."

10. Perhaps they were. Anyhow this is a view of the patient, as seen from an opposite window. Could it be possible that Moses and Sloper, in order to get a room for eighteenpence had been guilty of * * * *?

8. But a consultation was required. Luckily he knew some other medical gentlemen, and they were sent for.

AN HEIR-LOOM.

(*On the way to the Lord Mayor's Show*)

Bussy. I say, Jim, wonder 'ow long that 'ere 'at and coat 'as bin in the family?

An invitation from Ally to the Bishop of ——, for a quiet little "peck" at the Cafe Royal, and a mooch into the Alhambra afterwards.

"Yes, SLOPER, dear, pet pugs are at a discount. Oh, it's quite true, I assure you! Human pets are now quite the rage. I met a lady, well known in society the other day, leading with a ribbon a nicely combed little Italian boy. She told me she attended to him herself, and washed his face daily with Pear's Soap.—Yours, with love, NELLIE."

IN THE STALLS.

The Lady (*a British Matron*) who has not come dressed.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

WINTER is approaching, and Christmas is coming once again; and once more will the Yule-tide festivities prevail at the Battersea branch of the "Sloperies." The wassail bowl is already in stock, and wants but filling. Those will be glorious times! Meanwhile, save up your twopences for "AllySloper's Christmas Holidays," which this year will be a marvel of cheapness. Also don't forget that Sloper's Kalendar for 1886, which will be out directly, costs but a penny; and this year will contain a chronicle of events for every day in the year. This will be found to be one of the greatest novelties ever attempted, and should be bought by everyone.

***

A MAN applied at the Thames Police Court the other day for advice respecting his wife. She had sold and pawned all his furniture, and also his clothing. In fact, he now had only what he stood upright in. She had also, on the previous evening, struck him in the face, lacerated his hand, and otherwise ill-treated him. He wished to know what he could do.—Mr. Saunders: I don't know what you can do. You can have a summons for assault against her if you like. I suppose she has a right to sell the things if she likes, as she is your wife, and therefore entitled to half.—Applicant: Oh, is she? I like that. (Laughter.)—Mr. Saunders: You see, you took her for better or for worse, and it happens that you have got hold of a bad bargain.—Applicant: Yes, I should think I have, and a thundering bad bargain too. (Laughter.) But can't I do anything to her?—Mr. Saunders: No, of course not, although she has turned out much worse than you expected.—Applicant: Yes, she has. Much worse you couldn't get.—He then withdrew, apparently greatly dissatisfied with the advice he had got.

***

THE following story recently went the round of the Paris papers:—"The dead body of an English or American lion tamer named Stewart was, it is said, lately found in the room of a house at Romainville, outside Paris. By the side of the remains was the corpse of an old lion. Stewart had fallen on evil days, and went to Romainville with his lion. It is supposed that he succumbed to an apoplectic stroke, and that the lion lay calmly down and died of grief and hunger by the side of its master."

***

PASTEUR, the discoverer of a cure for hydrophobia, and his family live in the Ecole Normale, which he leaves twice a week to attend the sittings of the Academie Française and the scientific section thereof, because he is a member of both institutions. In the summer he takes an excursion now and then to his native Jura mountains; for the rest of the year he is to be found, from seven in the morning till seven at night, in the laboratory adjacent to his private dwelling within the precincts of the Normal School. After that he entertains a few chosen spirits from all that is eminent in literature, science, and art, and at eleven o'clock the lights are out, for it is a rule—unwritten, but strictly adhered to by Louis Pasteur's familiars—to vacate the premises an hour before midnight. It is the only condition which Madame Pasteur has ever imposed upon her husband, whom in every other respect she treats like a spoilt child, albeit he is in his sixty-fourth year. It is not difficult to sketch the outward man to Englishmen. His head is an exact replica of that of Carlyle, with this difference, that the Frenchman pays more frequent visits to the barber than did the Scotch philosopher. And, like his hair and beard, the Frenchman's temper is also better trimmed than that of the sage of Cheyne Walk. Not that he is very soft spoken, but there is more sympathy in him with the foibles of this every-day world. To the backslidings and shortcomings of the scientific world he is not quite so lenient; he can be very violent at the Academie, but he is a lovable being withal. He has never been known to get into a passion outside the institute, and the death of one of the numerous animals with which he is surrounded for the purpose of scientific investigation, affects him like a child, unless that death is the consequence of some important experiment. "No human being has the right of inflicting death upon the most lowly creature, except for the purpose of saving life," he says repeatedly.

***

A YEAR or two ago, the British Matron raised a great outcry over the news of the Prince of Wales having been to see a Nautch dance in India. Henry Mayhew says:—"The better order of Nautch, or Nach, girls are of the highest grace and fascination, with much personal charm, which they begin to lose at twenty years of age. They mostly dress in modest attire, and many are decent in their manners." It seems generally allowed that, though nautchy, they are nice, and ought to attract the philosophically-inclined towards the Albert Palace.

***

THE last gastronomic novelty in Paris is roast monkey, which is said to resemble a cross between hare and pheasant.

***

IN a quiet and altogether unobtrusive fashion, the veteran pedestrian, Spencer, completed the Herculean task of walking 6,000 miles in 110 days, thus entirely eclipsing the performance of the noisy, muchly-advertised Yankee, Weston. An obscure daily note in the columns of little-read sporting papers is all that Spencer had in the way of publicity while on his arduous journey, but until English pedestrians acquire the art of giving lectures, and wearing picturesquely-eccentric costumes, they will not be in it as money-makers with their astuter, if less athletic, Yankee rivals.

THE burglary season seems to have set in with unusual severity. The story of their proceedings in the North sounds like a page out of the early outlaw days. Fortunately, though, the police and the public were of opinion that those fine old doings were a little unsuited to the latter end of the nineteenth century, and by their energetic action, soon laid the rogues by the heels. But why not arm the police? that's what ALLY says!

***

IT has been stated with some air of authority that the Dilke divorce case has been settled, but I am informed that no settlement has been come to, and that the injured husband will hear of no compromise. The case will, therefore, come on in the present sittings of the Divorce Court, probably within a month from now. The counsel engaged are reticent, but it is pretty safe to say that the witnesses will include some prominent Liberal candidates.

***

HIS GRACE THE DOOK SNOOK begs to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the "SLOPER UMBRELLA FUND":—

Brought forward from last week, 1s.; C. Harris (Leicester), 1d.; A Would-be Suitor of "Tootsie" (Gravesend), 1d.; Dardy Ardy, 1d.; Pollie and Carrie (Fulham), 1d.; A Dook-chess (London), ½d.; Frank W. Waterman (Stoke-under-Ham), ½d.; A Fusilier, ½d.; Willie (Selby), ½d.; Skinnysides (Selby), ½d.; Sneezer (Plumstead), ½d.; Forget-me-not (Haselmere), 2d.; Marquess of Suet, 1d.; A Widow's Mite (Waltham Cross), ½d.; F. Waterbutt (Birmingham), 1d.; Sydney Plumb (Tottenham Lane), 1½d.; H.R.H. A. Tasker (Tadcaster), ½d.; Two Sympathisers, 1d.; Ed. Hainsworth (Nottingham), ½d.; Sir H. H. Curtis, Bart. (Shirley), 2d.; Three Constant Read-rs (Derby), ½d.; A. H. Lawrence (Queen's Square), ½d.; H. & R. Allison (Hollgrove Road), 1d.; F. V. Nicholls (Timperley), ½d. Total amount received up to date, 2s. 6½d.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the "Sloper Umbrella Fund" has already become a National Institution; and it is now proposed that after purchasing a new umbrella for the Eminent, and founding the "Sloper Home for Waifs and Strays," to devote the balance to the purchase of a lifeboat, to be called the "SLOPER LIFEBOAT." *We don't object to further subscriptions.*

***

THE want of enterprise on the part of capitalists in London is the sole cause of the absence of large milling and bread-making establishments for the supply of the millions in the metropolis. In Birmingham there have been for many years large flour mills, well placed on the banks of the canals or railways, with extensive bakeries on the best construction, turning out immense quantities of bread at a much lower price than that charged in London. In London the tramways ought to be taken advantage of to distribute the bread early every morning, as one horse would draw a very large load, and could deliver quantities at "miscellaneous shops," as in Birmingham. Milling has been greatly improved of late years, and brown, whitey brown, and perfectly white bread can be made with advantage in the same mill. Dough-mixing machines have been perfected, and ovens have also been made to bake admirably, and to a certainty.

***

A NUMBER of corner men from Liverpool, known as the "High Rip Gang," were tried at Chester Assizes recently. They crossed from Liverpool to the Cheshire side of the Mersey, where they attacked William Bowker, the keeper of a pork-pie shop, and stole the pies. When he interfered, one of the gang, named Samuel Hinds, drove a knife into his back right up to the hilt, inflicting a terrible wound. The judge sentenced him to five years' penal servitude.

***

THE Salvation Army went out the other day for a blood and fire parade. It turned out, however, to be one of lime and soot, distributed in paper bags. That did just as well.

***

THERE is a great deal of interest in Mr. Pinero's play at the St. James's, the great fault being the silly Bowdlerizing to which it has been absurdly and unnecessarily subjected. The time has surely arrived when we might be allowed to take our dramatic food a bit stronger without it being likely to do us any serious injury. Besides, the fun of the thing is that the play is really no more moral as it is than as M. Sardou left it. This week Mr. Pinero becomes F. O. S., and he richly deserves it.

***

IT is, the Eminent hears, intended to give the name of Gordon to one of the new ironclads, in pursuance of an old-established custom by which names of heroes have been honoured. A Duke of Marlborough was for years a well-known flagship in the Mediterranean; the Duke of Wellington, of Baltic renown and Portsmouth acquaintance, is another instance in point. A Cornwallis, Clive, and Hastings have helped to perpetuate the memories of three illustrious Governors-General, while we have more than one Nelson, at least a couple of Howes, two Collingwoods, three Benbows, two Duncans, a Hardy, Anson, and an Exmouth, in honour of some of our best-known admirals. Is an ALLY SLOPER to be among the flagships or ironclads of the future?

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21st.

15th November, 1695.—In the neighbourhood of Limerick and Tipperary, Ireland, a shower of matter this day fell, resembling butter or grease, and was gathered into pots by some of the inhabitants. When laid on the hand it melted, but placed by the fire it dried and became hard, emitting an offensive odour.

15th November, 1816.—The bells of Notre Dame, Paris, were this day formally baptized under the names of the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême. The earliest mention of bells, as applied to the purpose of Christian worship, is by Polydore Vergil, who states that Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania in Italy, first adapted them to his church in the year 400. They were used in Scotland in the 6th century, but not in England until near the end of the 7th. The use of bells in dwelling-houses, for the purpose of summoning domestics, was not known in England until after the time of Queen Anne. Formerly, alarms of fire were given by ringing the church bells backwards. This was the *tocsin* of the French. In the reign of Charles IX. it was the signal given by the Court for the Bartholomew slaughter.

16th November, 1850.—George Wombwell, the celebrated menagerie proprietor, died this day. A shoemaker by trade, and keeping a shop in Soho, he happened one day to pay a visit to the London Docks, where he saw some of the first boa-constrictors which had been imported into England. Wombwell purchased a pair for £75, and in the course of three weeks realised considerably more than that sum by their exhibition. At the time of his death he was possessed of three huge menageries, which travelled through the country. The cost of maintaining these establishments averaged, at least, £35 a day.

16th November, 1879.—Skating was this day very general in the neighbourhood of London, although the trees were still covered with leaves, and many had scarcely assumed their autumnal tints.

"O'er the ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch, and quickly go."

There was a skating rink in London as far back as 1823, when a new skate was invented with *two* irons instead of one, with a set of very small brass wheels let in between. A patent was obtained, and it was exhibited at the old tennis court in Windmill Street.

17th November, 1687.—On this night Nell Gwyn, the orange girl in the playhouse pit, the pretty witty Nelly of Pepys, and the "Almahide" of Dryden's play, and King Charles's admiration, was buried according to her own request, in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. There was no great ostentation on the occasion, considering the style in which funerals were then usually conducted. The expenses of her interment, £375, were advanced by Sir Stephen Fox from the next quarter's allowance which King James had settled upon her.

17th November, 1884.—Our Chester correspondent wrote: "The funeral of Mr. James Parry, one of Chester's 'characters,' took place to-day. Statements are afloat that deceased, whose parsimony in life was very great, died worth over a million of money. Next to the Duke of Westminster, he was the largest property-owner in Chester. Many anecdotes characteristic of Mr. Parry are told. On one occasion he is said to have instructed a tenant, in paying over £2, to bring the rent in two instalments, in order to avoid a stamped receipt."

18th November, 1854.—George William Mareby, inventor of several kinds of apparatus for saving lives from shipwreck, died this day, aged 89. The Royal Humane Society, which is supported by voluntary contributions was founded in 1774, by Drs. Goldsmith, Towers, Heberden, and others.

18th November, 1784.—M. le Roy this day fixed a lightning conductor on the Etoile galley, this being the first ever placed on a French ship. Professor Silliman says that lightning conductors cannot be relied upon unless they terminate in some part where the earth is permanently wet. He advises the water of a well, or some other water which never fails.

18th November, 1785.—Mrs. Kelly, the celebrated Irish fairy, died this day. She was only 34 inches long. Her child, which lived only two hours, was 22 inches in length.

19th November, 1784.—Mrs. Siddons, Miss Kemble, and a gentleman, returning this day at midnight from the West-end of the town, were stopped and robbed in one of the squares. Miss Kemble had sufficient presence of mind to separate her gold from her silver, but unluckily gave up the former and saved the latter. The gentleman delivered up his watch, but, begging hard for the seal, it was restored, whilst a ring on his finger, said to be of great value, was forgotten by himself and overlooked by the robber.

19th November, 1731.—William Edie, bellman of Cannongate, in Edinburgh, died this day, aged 120. He had buried the inhabitants of Cannongate thrice. He was 90 years a freeman, and married his second wife, a young woman, after he was 100 years old.

19th November, 1883.—The piercing of the Arlberg Tunnel, commenced in 1880, was this day brought to a conclusion in two years less than the contract time. The tunnel, which was the third great boring made through the Alps, is six miles long, as compared with the Mont Cenis, 7½ miles, which took thirteen years to complete, and the St. Gothard, 9½ miles, which took three years to pierce.

19th November, 1862.—James Mullins was this day executed at Newgate, for the murder of Mrs. Emsley, at Stepney. He protested his innocence of the crime for which he suffered, but admitted at last that he believed that Emms, whom he had formerly accused, was innocent of the deed.

20th November, 1797.—Roger Payne, the celebrated bookbinder, this day ended his wretched existence. In person he was a filthy, ragged, ale-sodden creature, with a foolish and even fierce indifference to the common decencies of life. His workshop was a deplorable filthy den, and the Countess of Spencer's French maid fainted when she saw him in conversation with her mistress. Payne might have made a fortune, and ridden in a carriage as finely decorated as the books he bound, had it not been for his excessive devotion for strong ale. Payne could rhyme on his darling theme; his trade bills are preserved as great curiosities. On one, delivered for binding a copy of Barry's work on "The Wines of the Ancients," he wrote:—

"Homer, the bard, who sung in highest strains,
Had, festive gift, a goblet for his pains;
Falernian gave Horace, Virgil fire,
And barley-wine my British muse inspire.
Barley-wine, first from Egypt's learned shore,
Be this the gift to me from Calvert's store."

20th November, 1884.—Miss Finney, who acted under the name of Fortescue, this day obtained (by consent) a verdict, with damages £10,000, against Lord Garmoyle, the present Earl Cairns.

20th November, 1855.—A pitiable accident occurred this day at the Plymouth Theatre, by which a young actress, Mademoiselle Julie, lost her life. A fairy extravaganza, entitled *The Good Woman in the Wood*, was in the course of performance, when the unfortunate girl's dress caught fire, and she received so much injury as to cause her death, after lingering suffering.

21st November, 1874.—This day there was a dense fog over the country, leading to numerous railway disasters. There is probably no mention of London fogs to be found earlier than the following, from Evelyn's diary for the extraordinary severe winter of 1683-4, which is quoted in Lady Russell's *Life*, vol. i., p. 115:—

"London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so fill'd with the fuligenous steame of the sea-coale that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this, filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could hardly breathe." The fog signals used on railways are small packets of detonating material placed upon the rails, and exploded by the wheels of the engine passing over them.

21st November, 1803.—John Buckler (Schinderhannes), the famous German robber, was executed this day with nineteen of his band. He was the son of indigent parents, and entered into the service of an executioner. His first crime was a petty theft, which grew into the most extensive and expert robberies. He never committed murder, and expected pardon on that account to the last moment.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN.

BEGGAR the Service! that's just wot I say.
Pensioner! bob an' a tanner a day,
That's wot they gives me for my thirty-hold year
Slavin' and messin' afloat. Ay! 'tis queer

"But, you bet, I'm a devil to fight."

Fellers like me should be knockin' about—
Scarcely a shirt or a dacent rig-out.
Grumble! You'd grumble, I'll warrant, if you
Lived aboard ship.

About '22

Joined this 'ere Navy, a bit of a lad.
Schoolin'? Why, bless yer, I never 'ave 'ad
Time for sich drudgin'. Can't read nor can't write?
No; but you bet I'm a devil to fight.
Rooshan or frog-eatin' Frenchy, you see,
Never could get to the wind'ard of me.
Fight 'em? Lor bless yer! afloat or ashore
Allers was able to polish off four.
Once in Archangel I tackled to six
Beggarly Rooshans, one night, an' I licks
All of 'em holler; but, *that* is no boast,—
Rooshans is play for the childer, at most.

Married? No. 'Twarn't from want of the pluck;
Allers was down on my cuss-o'-god luck.
Coorted no end of the gals in my day,—
Never could manage a wife on my pay.
Once I was spoons on a good-lookin' lass,—
Better nor looks, she 'ad oceans of brass;
Cuts me adrift on account of the rum.
Foolish young 'ooman! got married to some
Lubber ashore, who was sober, no doubt:
Bolts with 'er money one mornin'—the lout!
Laives 'er to manage for self and the kid,—
That's wot the sober shore lubber he did.

Wonders I never 'ave got any rise?
Coorse 'tis a wonder. But, beggar their heyes!
Allers too 'ard on a cove as wot drinks;
Never allows for your likin's. They thinks
Sailors should never be given to sprees,
Never show temper when sailin' the seas.
Lor'! 'ow they'd stare if a new order come,
Stoppin' the swipein' of brandy or rum,
Grog, or this "cham.," in the hofficers' mess—
That's wot 'ud fetch 'em a little, I guess.

Tasted the cat? Ay, just look at its track?
Them didn't come from a-scratchin' my back.
Knows I've been nasty and given to cheek,
Never could swaller a taste of the leek.
Jack's quite as good as 'is hofficers. Eh?
That wouldn't do for the Service you say.
Service be blowed? I'm fair sick of the word,—
Admiralty folk's *too* bloomin' habsurd.

"Jack's quite as good as 'is hofficers. Eh?"

Times in the Navy is haltered much? Yes,
Things seems to get in an 'orrible mess;
Hiron and steel may be hall wery good,
Give me the ships as is built from the wood;
Courage and pluck isn't walued a pin
Ever since steamin' an' iron came in;
Seem we's afraid of our shadders just now,
Allers avoidin' or dodgin' a row.
Glad I'm a-done with the hull bloomin' lot,
Guess as I'm sick of their cowardly rot,
Backin' and fillin' from mornin' till night,—
'Asn't the pluck for a jolly good fight.
Blowed if hold Hengland ain't seen her best days—
Beggar the Service! that's just what I says.

O YES! O YES!

WE should have hardly thought this gentleman advertised *for* worth the expense of even one insertion at the cheapest scale price:—"Run away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged 35. He has a wide mouth, zigzag teeth, a nose of high-burned brick-blue, with a lofty bridge; he is also swivel-eyed, and has a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads, and is so loquacious that he tires everyone in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a pack of cards in one pocket and the 'Practice of Piety' in the other. He is a great liar, and can varnish a falsehood with much art. Had on when he went away a stove-pipe hat, which probably he has since changed for a round one. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last disguised in a clean shirt; that shirt will not be much of a clue, though, unless he is found very shortly."

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.*

THE "CROSS SHOVELS," OLD MINT, *November 4th*, 1885.

DEAR OLD SLOPER,—*Re* Jack Sheppard's resting-place, Ainsworth says:—"That night (the night of the day of his execution), a grave was dug in Willesden Churchyard, next to that in which Mrs. Sheppard had been interred. A simple wooden monument was placed over the grave, but without any name or date. In after years, some pitying hand supplied the inscription, which ran thus—

"JACK SHEPPARD."

It is not unlikely that Ainsworth was wrong in this theory, and that some joker of the period applied the above epitaph to the grave where some unknown forefather of the hamlet slept! Captain L. Benson tells us that, "when he was cut down, his body was delivered over to his friends, who carried it to a public-house in Long Acre, from which it was removed in the evening, and buried in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields." Mr. Edward Walford also informs us in his "Old and New London," that the last named churchyard contains also the bones of the notorious highwayman, Jack Sheppard, and also Nell Gwynne, whose funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tenison, incumbent of the parish, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH LION.

495 KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—It is with inexpressible joy that I hasten to acquaint you with the whereabouts of your long-lost and cherished umbrella—that noble sceptre that has ruled for so long the hearts and minds of England's bravest sons and daughters.

I was coming down Cheapside, on the left side from the Bank, when I beheld—and here let me state that my astonishment was so great that my top-hat, which ever since the 3rd ult., I have worn *à la* Reginald Fitzproof, resumed its normal position—in a shop window the "umbrella," arrayed in all its glory, and conspicuous by its well-developed form and benevolent allure. I could not count the patches, but I think they were there. If it had not been raining at the time, I would have knelt before the emblem of such mightiness, filled with such thoughts as a chouan or cavalier would have had on beholding a relic of their king.

Let SLOPER, the conker, come in all his might and reclaim his property; but let him be advised that it would be better to warn the present proprietor when the change of ownership takes place, otherwise he might be surprised.

Hoping you will be so kind as to impart this letter to his Eminence.

Believe me, sir, Your obedient servant,
HORACE FITZGAMP.

ALLY SLOPER, ESQ., *November 5th*, 1885.
P.S.—An early "Award of Merit" will oblige.

BRIGHTON, *November 6th*, 1885.

MY DEAREST TOOTSIE,—As Lord Bob seems to be wholly unaware of the treasure he has gained in your affection, why will you still bestow your priceless hand on such a procrastinating ass? I adore you, and should be in the seventh heaven if you will marry me, say—next Saturday. I am rich, and you shall have and do anything you like. Tell me I may be the happy man, and believe me yours, ARTHUR CLEVELAND.

November 7th, '85.

DARLING TOOTSIE,—The sunlight influence of your nature, the exceeding attractiveness of your womanly character naturally excites a more than common interest in those who have the happiness to be admitted into the sweet communion of intimate friendship with you. I am not thus blest, but you have entered "right deep into my heart," though circumstances hardly make my passion anything but foolish, and I feel constrained to address you on a subject that so nearly concerns your happiness. I have noticed, with some anxiety, your predilection for one of the sterner sex, and already I see in prospect your future marriage. Now, hesitate one moment, and answer these searching questions. Is your love for that man the real passion, the all-absorbing, all-consuming, soul-exalting intensity of unselfishness, and the genuine "loss of individuality" in the blending and merging of your nature and his? Is there a mingling as natural as sand and sugar? Then that *is* love! Do you fearlessly throw the great trust of your heart's happiness, with simple confidence, into his care, without one anxious thought? Do you feel that the world to you is cold no longer, because you have nothing in common with it and its vanities? that you care not "a copper spangle" what the world is, as long as you have that one item of its population as your own? Can you live simply by the light of his eyes, and with nothing more sustaining than one of his arms? Can you forget to ask him whether he is insured till after you are man and wife? Then that *is* love! Is your soul athirst day and night till the consummation of that man's love shall satisfy your eagerness of passion, by sealing himself for ever yours till death do us part? Can he look fearlessly into the heaven-blue of those searching eyes of yours, and, every nerve tingling with earnestness, say, in all its comprehensive meaning, "I will"? Then, Tootsie, you may marry him. Yours, C. A.

N.B.—If you took an iota of the interest in me that I take in you, you would ask your papa to give me the "Award of Merit." If he asks you why, tell him you desire it. That ought to satisfy him or anybody else.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

Upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the Qualifications being stated beneath each name.

MISS JESSIE ACTON,
Because she's a characteristic serio.

MESSRS. BARRAUD,
Because they are the best photographers going.

JOHN CORLETT,
Because he created "The Pink 'Un."

MISS EWERETTA LAURENCE,
Because of her acting in "On Change."

R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.,
Because he's the champion etchist.

FELIX MORRIS,
Because he knows all about Trunks, Wabash, and Brighton A's.

PROF. PASTEUR,
Because of his services to mankind.

A. W. PINERO,
Because he wrote "Mayfair."

JOHN STAPLES,
Because he's Lord Mayor of London.

H. POTTINGER STEPHENS,
Because he created "The Topical Times."

ROBERT EDWIN VILLIERS,
Because he built the South London, the Canterbury, and the new Pavilion.

SIR CHAS. WARREN,
Because he has quieted the Boers.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99, Shoe Lane,
November 14th, 1885. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is the dress circle at a theatre like a waste-paper basket?—Don't you know? Ask a manager.

A YOUNG man's friends object to his being loose, but, somehow, they have an equal objection to his being tight.

A FACT.—We find the largest fish in Wales (something wrong here with the spelling).

A HINT TO TALKERS AT TABLE.—Save your breath to blow your soup.

SOMEONE writes to ask if the wind at the Nore is nor'-west or nor'-east?—Neither one nor t'other.

A LAWN PARTY—A Bishop.

THE ROAR MATERIAL—Baby.

MATRIMONIAL.—It is no good nowadays for a man to offer his hand, if there's nothing in it.

WEATHER MEM.—Rats and mice don't like it much when it rains cats and dogs.

A JUGGLER cannot act well unless he is in the vein (the juggler vein of course). This remark is made in a joc'lar vein.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.

(Commenced in No. 54.)

QUEEN OF CLUBS.—(*Continued.*)

"HAVE you and yours not injured me enough without insulting me, Sir Harry Arundell?" and my grandfather drew up his spare wizened form, and looked noble in his indignation. "Do you dare offer to *pay* me for my dead daughter—to buy her child of me? I have lived my insignificant life cleanly and honourably, and I would sooner beg in the streets than touch a farthing of your money. I can earn my own living, and be beholden to no man. Take Estelle; she is a free gift, which no gold could purchase from me."

Walked upon the Pier.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sherrard," said Sir Harry; "I am rightly rebuked." And he held out his hand again, and this time my grandfather did not refuse it.

Four and twenty hours later I commenced a new life at Deepdale. At first all was strange to me; the comfort, wealth, and luxury by which I was surrounded at Sir Harry's country house filled me with wonder, but I speedily grew accustomed to it; and though I never wavered in my love for my dear old grandfather, plodding at Lawnborough, a couple of hundred miles away, I own that in time his image grew less and less distinct, his existence more and more apart from mine.

Of Arthur Desmond I thought continually, as of the only man whom I could ever call husband, but I was ignorant how to communicate with him, though I longed to explain my sudden departure from the old cathedral town.

After two months, during which I daily hoped to hear from him, I risked a letter addressed to the theatre, and in the course of a few days it was returned to me unopened. The direction of the envelope which enclosed it was in my grandfather's writing, and very soon after I saw in a newspaper that Arthur Desmond was gazetted to a regiment serving in India.

Then my heart sank and the life seemed to go out of me; I cared for nothing, took no interest in my surroundings, and puzzled the physicians who were called in to prescribe for me, for none of them were clever enough to cure a heartache.

The hours passed wearily to me—I looked ill, felt ill, *was* ill; and then came to me one day a stolid footman, to tell me that "an elderly person" wished to see me in the library.

Never doubting that it was my grandfather—my dear old granny, whom I had not seen since I left Lawnborough—I tripped down the stairs in better spirits than for many a day, and entered the room, to find myself confronted by Hipson Hawes.

He looked very grave, and he wore a narrow black band round his white hat. You guess his errand. He came to inform me of the sudden death of my dear, good, kind friend and grandfather, and to bring me his legacy—the all he had to leave—his blessing and my mother's wedding-ring. * * * * * *

I lay hovering between life and death for many a weary week, but at last skill and care brought me back from the brink of the grave, brought me back to a dull, aching sense that life was not worth the living now that it was life without love, my grandfather dead, Arthur who could say where? but banished from me for ever—lost to me.

Sir Harry Arundell was all that was kind and good, but he was not, he never could be, like my other grandfather—there was no heart communion between us.

I have little more to say. They took me to a fashionable seaside watering-place in my convalescence, and there, watching the lives of those ladies of fashion who seemed to find unlimited enjoyment in jewels, fine dresses, and the homage of men, I too determined that as I had played a part at the Theatre Royal, Lawnborough, so would I on the pier and promenade at Pebblesea.

I assumed an air of gaiety; I pleased Sir Harry by the extravagance of my toilet, I cultivated *badinage*, and, as I was dragged daily in my Bath chair the length of the promenade, or walked upon the pier during the fashionable hour of the morning, I was invariably surrounded by a group of the best men in the place, willing to submit to my dictatorial whims and fancies, for the reward of a kind word, a grateful smile, or the tiniest pressure of a daintily-gloved hand.

They called me the Queen of Pebblesea—how different to the Queen of Clubs of eighteen months before!—and they vied with each other in their attentions. I sought for distraction, amusement, enjoyment—call it what you will, and I flirted outrageously—I own it.

It was not flirtation for flirtation's sake, for I earnestly desired, if I could, to find someone who could drive the remembrance of Arthur from my mind, and who could reconcile me to a life which seemed to me as false as that of the stage.

In my Bath Chair.

I received many offers, some for my face, some for my fortune; but I encountered no one who could efface the impression made upon my heart by Arthur Desmond. I never shall, for though I have met many whom I liked, whom for awhile I almost believed I could teach myself to love, a further acquaintance has always revealed some weakness, some shallowness, which has proved to me that my heart was unscathed.

No woman who loves is critical to her lover, and I have never met but one man whom I did not care to criticise—and he is lost to me.

Oh, dear! What a weary world it is! * * * * *

(To be continued next week.)

AT THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

This is the gentleman who lost his watch.

This is the gentleman who found the other gentleman's watch.

WOA, MARE!

Charley Hayrick is as jolly a fellow as ever emptied a bottle, but he can't help thinking, in his quiet sort of way, that this is decidedly a drop too much for a moderate man.

THE GOOD ELECTION AGENT, WHO REALLY EARNED HIS MONEY.

1. He put it to him. 2. He put it to him again. 3. He waited while he thought it over. 4. He put it to him precious plainly. 5. Then at last he responded.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

This is poor Mrs. Brown, being "that squodged."

THE ORIGINAL WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

How things have changed and improved since then. *For further particulars see front-page picture.*

THE QUESTION.

Mr. Blank. I always found that at school the stupidist boy carried off all the prizes.
Miss Sparkle. Did *you* get many?

This is the uncommonly sharp boy who picked up the uncommonly hot coppers thrown from the "Sloperies" window on Lord Mayor's Show Day.

"STROLLING IN THE ZOO."

A young person seriously affected with egregious vanity.

ONLY HALF A SHOW.

First Hibernian. Well, Patsy, did ye see the illuminations on Monday?
Second Hibernian. Faith, an' I sor one, bit it hadn't been loighted.

London: Printed by Dalziel Brothers, at their Camden Press, High Street, N.W., and Published for the Proprietor, by W. J. Simkins, at "*The Sloperies*," 99 Shoe Lane, E.C.—Saturday, November 14, 1885.